HISTORIC HOMES OF WASHINGTON

Noted Men and Women Who Have Inhabited Them.

BY MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

CHAPTER X.

AN H STREET MANSION.

Admiral David D. Porter's Late Residence Has Been That of Many Distinguished Men—Hon. Hamilton Fish, Hon. Richard Rush and Others—The Richie House.

Among the many prominent citizens of Pennsylvania who have filled Cabinet positions during the history of the Government—and the list contains many notable names—none has surpassed that of the Hon. Richard Rush in power and dignity and purity of private life.

He was Secretary of the Treasury from 1825 to 1829, and during this time he built the house No. 1710 H street, afterward occupied by Admiral Porter. When first built it was a two-story structure with an attic, but it was afterwards carried up another story and many other improvements added, including a large ball-room built by the Hon. Hamilton Fish, who subsequently purchased the property.

Mr. Rush came of good Revolutionary stock, his father being the Hon. Benjamin Rush of the Continental Congress. In the Provincial Conference of Pennsylvania he was Chairman of the committee which reported that it had become expedient for Congress to declare Independence. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Richard Rush graduated at Princeton at the age of 17. In 1816 he was sent as Minister to England, where he remained eight years, and while there negotiated several treaties.

When he went to England the late Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, of Washington, accompanied him as Secretary of Legation.

While abroad Mr. Rush, through his high social and diplomatic position, was brought frequently into the presence of his fair countrywomen, the three Misses Caton, who, for their wit, beauty and accomplishments, were called the "Three Graces." They were from Annapolis, Md. One of them became the Duchess of Leeds, another the Marchioness of Wellesly, and the third Lady Stafford. They were the granddaughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was known as the last surviving signer.

Mr. Rush's wife also came from Annapolis, Md. She was Miss Eliza Murray, a cousin of James D. Murray, Paymaster of the United States Army. It was very natural that there should be a cordial friendship existing between them and the Caton sisters. The following anecdote is told apropos of the administration of Richard Rush at the Court of London: "At a small dinner many years afterwards, at the King's—then William IV.—a gentleman of the household was disposed to be a little pleasant with one of these accomplished sisters on account of her nationality, and at length said: 'Now, do pray tell us, lady, do you come from that part of America where they reckon or calculate?' 'She comes from neither,' said the King slowly; 'she comes from that part of America where they fascinate.'"

In 1828 Mr. Rush was the candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with John Q. Adams, and received the same number of electoral votes. He negotiated a loan in Holland for the Corporations of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria. Jackson appointed him commissioner to obtain the Smithsonian legacy, then in the English Court of Chancery. In due time he returned, bringing the whole amount.

President Polk appointed him Minister to France, and in 1848 he was the first of the foreign Ministers at the French court to recognize the new Republic, in advance of instructions from his Government. At the close of President Polk's term he asked to be recalled, and spent the remainder of his life in comparative retirement. He had a large family of sons and daughters, and during their residence in Washington he entertained elegantly.

Miss Eliza Rush married John Calvert, esq., of Prince George's County, Maryland, a lineal descendant of Lord Baltimore, and the uncle of the wife of R. F. Kearney, of Washington, D. C.

The next prominent personage to reside in this mansion was the Hon. Hamilton Fish, then Senator from New York. During the war he was one of the United States Commissioners to visit soldiers confined in Confederate prisons. In 1869 he was appointed Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Gen. Grant, which position he creditably filled eight years.

Other occupants of this mansion have been Sir Frederic Bruce, Lord Napier and Lord Lyons, representing Great Britain at Washington. Lord Lyons, previous to coming here, had been an attache of the English Legation at Athens and Dresden, respectively, Secretary of the English Legation at Florence, and Envoy at Tuscany.

During his long residence here he gave many brilliant entertainments, especially those in honor of the birthday of his sovereign. He afterwards became the British Embassador to France.

A later occupant and owner was the gallant Admiral of the Navy, David D. Porter, who was born June 8, 1814, in Pennsylvania. His father, the gallant Porter of Essex fame, having left our service and accepted the position of Commander-in-Chief in Mexico, obtained an appointment for his son in the Mexican Navy, sent him to sea in the Guerre, a 22-gun brig, having a complement of 189 officers and men, and commanded by his nephew, an enterprising officer but 21 years of age, who, like his uncle, had been in the American service.

The Guerre sailed from Vera Cruz, April 17, 1827, and a few weeks thereafter fell in with a Spanish frigate, fully manned and carrying 64 guns. Finding it impossible to get away from the frigate, Capt. Porter resolutely gave battle and maintained the unequal fight for nearly four hours, not striking his colors until the brig was filled with the dead and dying and her spars and sails were so torn to pieces as to make her utterly unmanageable.

As soon as the Spaniards saw the Mexican flag come down, they put their helm up and ran down to the Guerre, delivering two heavy broadsides when within 100 yards. During this cowardly firing, Capt. Porter, one of the bravest men that ever trod a ship's deck, was *cut in two by a cannon-shot, and* his remains, instead of being interred with military honors, according to the usage of war, were barbarously thrown overboard by the victors in plain view of the land.

Two years after this rough experience David D. Porter entered the American Navy as a Midshipman, and as a Lieutenant, 18 years later, we find him actively engaged in all our naval operations on the coast of Mexico, and adding new luster to a name already regarded in the United States as a synonym of valor.

When the war broke out, Porter, then a Commander, was dispatched in the Powhatan to the relief of Fort Pickens, Florida, for whose beleaguered garrison the President felt great solicitude. This duty accomplished, he went vigorously to work fitting out a mortar fleet for the reduction of the forts guarding the approaches to New Orleans by the lower Mississippi, to gain possession of which the Government considered of vital importance.

After the fall of New Orleans, the mortar flotilla was actively engaged at Vicksburg, and in the Fall of 1862 Porter was placed in command of all the naval forces on the Western rivers at New Orleans, with the rank of Acting Rear-Admiral.

His ability as a Commander-in-Chief was now conspicuously exhibited, not only in the battles which he fought, but also in the creation of a formidable fleet out of river steamboats, which he covered with such plating as they could bear.

By his example to his officers and his men, he displayed a heroism which has never been surpassed, and wherever there was water enough to float a gunboat, there the old flag was considered and respected.

In 1864 Porter was transferred to the Atlantic coast to command the naval forces destined to operate against the defenses of Wilmington, N. C.; and on Jan. 15, 1865, the fall of Fort Fisher was hailed by the country as a glorious termination of his arduous war services. In 1866 he was made Vice-Admiral and appointed Superintendent of the Naval Academy, which institution is still reaping the benefit of his able administration of four years. At the death of Farragut, in 1870, he succeeded that illustrious man as Admiral of the Navy.

Admiral Porter married a daughter of Commodore D. T. Patterson, who distinguished himself with Jackson at New Orleans in 1815. In our early Navy Commander Patterson ranked deservedly high among the gallant officers of his day.

Thomas H. Patterson, Rear-Admiral of the United States Navy, is a model officer and gentleman. He and Carlisle Patterson, the late Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, have proved themselves worthy sons of their illustrious sire.

The former married the beautiful Miss Maria Wainbright, and the latter Miss Pearsons, the heiress of Brentwood Manor, a beautiful country seat on the Brentwood road and Boundary street of the city, beautiful amid its tall ancestral trees.

Admiral Porter had a large family. Two sons are officers in the service. Theoderic Portar is a Lieutenant in the Navy, stationed at the Naval Academy, and Capt. Porter is in the Marine Corps. Lieut. Porter married Carrie Capron, daughter of the late Capt. Capron, who was killed in Mexico, whose widow married Charles Vincent, long connected with the Treasury Department. Mr. Vincent's daughter Julia by a previous marriage became the wife of Lieutenant, now Rear-Admiral George B. Balch, U. S. N., retired. During Admiral Porter's long residence therein, the H street house was the scene of many brilliant entertainments and the center of distinguished hospitalities.

In his ripe old age the Admiral wrote the history of the Navy, in which he and his have borne so conspicuous a part. He had previously written several valuable books.

A volume might be written of the men who have come before the public and passed away, among the newspaper fraternity; beginning with Joseph Gales and William Winston Seaton, followed by Duffy Green, Amos Kendall, John B. Rives and Thomas Ritchie. None of these men survive, and even the papers with which they were connected have passed out of existence.

Mr. Ritchie, who for many years was the powerful editor of the Richmond Enquirer, and who swayed for years the Democratic party of Virginia, was called to Washington by James K. Polk in 1844. He superseded the old Jackson firm of Blair & Rives.

His home for a time was on G street between 14th and 15th, a small, narrow, two-story brick house, standing back in the yard. A wooden piazza extending along the side, opening from the second story, was his walking space. Upon this balcony the old veteran used to walk at night, formulating those powerful editorials for which this knight of the free lance was renowned. He changed the name of the paper from the Globe to the Union; how much the name was a misnomer others must say.

Mr. Ritchie was amiable, honorable and unsophisticated to a marked degree. His education and life had not prepared him with ability to cope with men of National breadth.

He has been called the most genteel old fogy who ever wore nankeen pantaloons, white vest, blue coat, high shirt collars and straw hat. These were his vestments Summer and Winter. His instincts were pure and his relations to men honest. He was a conscientious believer in the extreme doctrine of State rights.

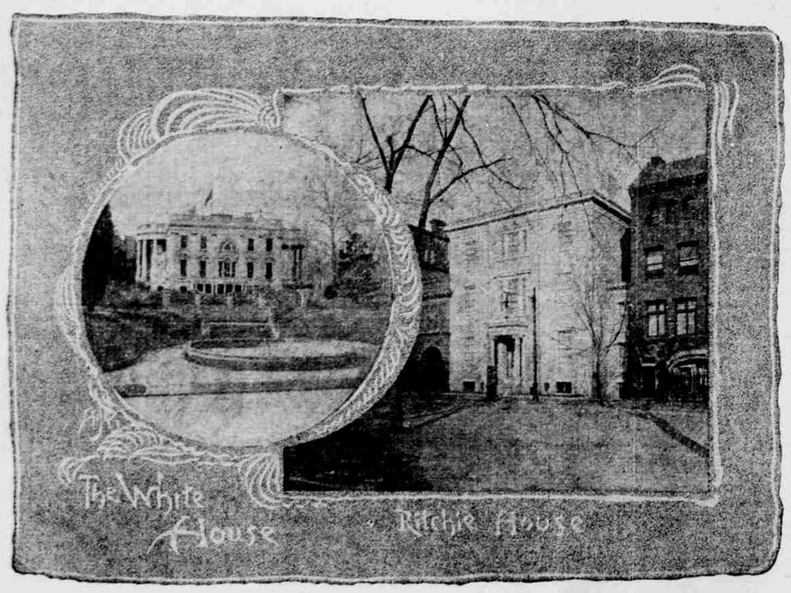
The estrangement brought about by this change of editors was broad, and rankled deep. To the student of political issues it gives a great field; it will show to them "How great a matter a little fire kindleth."

A change in the editorship of a political organ was the origin of a movement that brought about the greatest event in the political or economic history of the country.

Almost upon the ashes of the house on G street where Mr. Ritchie used to quicken his facile pen, the editorial rooms and the publishing house of The National Tribune for several years were located.

At one time Mr. Ritchie lived in the Slidell house, on La Fayette Square, which was afterwards also occupied by a defender of the Union, Gideon Welles, when Secretary of the Navy. The student of political economy must come to the conclusion that there is a destiny that shapes our ends.

[To be continued.]



EDITORIAL NOTE.—Mount Vernon, the home of the Father of His Country, and its traditions, with glimpses at the career of Washington, form an attractive chapter of "Historic Homes of Washington" in next issue.

CONSUMPTION.

What It Is—How It Arises—And How It Is Now Treated with Success.

(Extracts from Dr. Hunter's Lectures on the Progress of Medical Science in Lung Diseases.)

Following the various forms of Catarrhal and Bronchial disease which I have described, we come next to that lamentble complaint known to everybody under the name Consumpiton. It is greatly dreaded by the people because not understood. By physicians it has for centuries been worse treated than any other affliction in the long catalogue of human diseases.

Formerly all medical schools taught and physicians believed Consumption to be a disease of the blood and general system. This false pathology and the false and fatal treatment which they based upon it sacrificed millions of precious lives. Now it is universally conceded by the profession that the old theory was utterly untrue and untenable.

Forty-five years ago (1851) I first discovered Consumption to be a local disease of the lungs. In 1852 I published a book on it, giving my researches and the grounds for my belief. In 1855 I contributed a series of articles to the "Specialist and Journal of Diseases of the Chest," of which I was then Editor, contending that the local theory was the only true doctrine of the disease, and the local treatment the only one that opened up any promise of its cure.

Had my views been then received and my discoveries accepted by the profession, as they should have been, all the sufferings and premature deaths by Consumtion since caused by false doctrine, heresy and empiricism might have been averted.

Unfortunately for science and humanity physicians, as did the Israelites of old, rejected the truth, and for forty years continued to flounder in the wilderness of error—from 1851 to 1891. Like Ephraim, they were wedded to their idols and remained steadfast to their delusions.

In 1891 all this was happily changed for the better. The theory taught by me in 1851 was proved and accepted by the leading teachers and authorities of medicine throughout the civilized world, as the "ONLY TRUE" doctrine of the disease, and since then has been taught in all medical colleges and incorporated into all text-books for the instruction of students of medicine.

Thus after centuries of opposition and denial, the LOCAL NATURE and GERM ORIGIN of Consumption is recognized and becomes the established doctrine of medical science. It is now conceded that no Consumption can arise without the tubercle bacillus, a poisonous germ of the air, gets into the lungs to produce it.

As the germs that cause Consumption first act locally upon the lungs, and the disease which they produce has its seat in the lungs, it follows that it is always a local germ disease of that organ. It is an axiom of medical science that local diseases require local treatment for their cure, and past clinical experience teaches that no germ disease was ever yet cured without specific germicides applied directly to the germ infected parts.

To cure any bronchial or lung disease local treatment must be applied, and this can only be done by introducing medicated air, gas or vapor into the tubes and cells by inhalation.

To effect the cure of Consumption we must kill and expel the germs and heal the ravages they have inflicted in the lungs. The air must therefore carry germicidal antiseptics and healing remedies to act directly on the germs and seat of the disease, or no cure will result. When properly administered this treatment always arrests the lung disease. If it be deeply rooted the progress may not always be rapid, but the cure of Consumption under it is as certain as is the cure of other serious maladies by proper treatment.

I some years ago discovered, and am now using with great success, germicidal inhalants under which no form of germ life can live. They are introduced by instruments, which medicate the air the patient breathes. Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Pneumonia and Consumption are arrested, broken up, and radically cured by them.

(To be continued.)

(Signed) ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.,
117 West 45th st.,
New York.

Jan. 4.

Note.—Readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE who are interested will receive a copy of Dr. Hunter's book free, by applying to him as above.

A Watch for the Schoolma'am.

No school-teacher need be without that very necessary item in her equipment in future. It is an American movement brought at last within reach of all. It is a stem-winder and stem-setter, and is given away as a premium for a small club of yearly subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. See the supplement.

Lincoln Memorial Association.

Steps are being taken at Denver to incorporate the Abraham Lincoln Memorial Association for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the martyred President in Colorado. The site selected is the summit of Mount Lookout in the Arkansas Valley. William Harbottle, of the Soldiers and Sailors' Home, Monte Vista, and other veterans, were instrumental in starting the movement. Congress will be petitioned to grant the Association the site selected.

Matilda—Have you spoken to papa?

Bertie—Yes; I asked him through the telephone, and he answered, "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."

No Terrors for Him.

A gentleman calling at a hotel left his umbrella in the stand in the hall with the inscription attached to it: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250-pound weight. I shall be back in 10 minutes."

On returning to seek his property he found in its place a card inscribed: "This card has been left by a man who can run 12 miles an hour. I shall not come back for a long time."

ANDERSONVILLE.

(Continued from first page.)

with dry sand from the sides of his domicile, in which he would slumber quietly till morning, when he would rise, shake the sand from his garments, and declare that he felt as well refreshed as if he had slept on a spring mattress.

There has been much talk of earth baths of late years in scientific and medical circles. I have been sorry that our Florence comrade—if he still lives—did not contribute the results of his experience.

The pinching cold cured me of my repugnance to wearing dead men's clothes, or rather it made my nakedness so painful that I was glad to cover it as best I could, and I began foraging for garments. For awhile my efforts to set myself up in the mortuary second-hand clothing business were not all successful. I found that dying men with good clothes were as carefully watched over by sets of fellows who constituted themselves their residuary legatees as if they were men of fortune dying in the midst of a circle of expectant nephews and nieces. Before one was fairly cold his clothes would be appropriated and divided, and I have seen many sharp fights between contesting claimants.

I soon perceived that my best chance was to get up very early in the morning, and do my hunting. The nights were so cold that many could not sleep, and they would walk up and down the streets, trying to keep warm by exercise. Towards morning, becoming exhausted, they would lie down on the ground almost anywhere, and die. I have frequently seen as many 50 of these.

My first "find" of any importance was the dark, baggy trousers of a young Pennsylvania Zouave. I drew the garments over my own half-frozen limbs, the first real covering those members had had for four or five months. The pantaloons only came down about halfway between my knees and feet, but still they were wonderfully comfortable to what I had been—or rather not been—wearing.

I had picked up a pair of boot bottoms, which answered me for shoes, and now I began a hunt for socks. This took several morning expeditions, but on one of them I was rewarded, and a few days later I got another. Almost the next morning I had the good fortune to find a warm, whole, infantry dress-coat, a more serviceable garment.

As I still had for a shirt the blouse Andrews had given me at Millen, I now considered my wardrobe complete, and left the rest of the clothes to those who were more needy than I.

Those who used tobacco seemed to suffer more from a deprivation of the weed than from lack of food. There were no sacrifices they would not make to obtain it, and it was no uncommon thing for boys to trade off half their rations for a chew of "navy plug."

As long as one had anything—especially buttons—to trade, tobacco could be procured from the guards, who were plentifully supplied with it. When means of barter were gone, chewers frequently became so desperate as to beg the guards to throw them a bit of the precious nicotine. Shortly after our arrival at Florence, a prisoner on the East Side approached one of the Reserves with the request:

"Say, guard, can't you give a fellow a chew of tobacco?"

To which the guard replied: "Yes; come right across the line there and I'll drop you down a bit."

The unsuspecting prisoner stepped across the dead line, and the guard—a boy of 16—raised his gun and killed him.

At the North Side of the prison, the path down to the creek lay right along side of the dead line, which was a mere furrow in the ground. At night the guards, in their zeal to kill somebody, were very likely to imagine that any one going along the path for water was across the dead line, and fire upon him. It was as bad as going upon the skirmish line to go for water after nightfall.

The rations of wood grew smaller as the weather grew colder, until at last they settled down to a piece about the size of a kitchen rolling-pin per day for each man. This had to serve for all purposes—cooking, as well as warming. We split the rations up into slips about the size of a carpenter's lead pencil, and used them parsimoniously, never building a fire so big that it could not be covered with a half-peck measure. We hovered closely over this—covering it, in fact, with our hands and bodies, so that not a particle of heat was lost.

Remembering the Indian's sage remark, "that the white man built a big fire and sat away off from it; the Indian made a little fire and got up close to it," we let nothing in the way of caloric be wasted by distance. The pitch-pine produced great quantities of soot, which, in cold and rainy days, when we hung over the fires all the time, blackened our faces until we were beyond the recognition of intimate friends.

There was the same economy of fuel in cooking. Less than half as much as is contained in a penny bunch of kindling was made to suffice in preparing our daily meal. If we cooked mush we elevated our little can an inch from the ground upon a chunk of clay, and piled the little sticks around it so carefully that none should burn without yielding all its heat to the vessel, and not one more was burned than absolutely necessary.

If we baked bread we spread the dough upon our chess-board, and propped it up before the little fireplace, and used every particle of heat evolved. We had to pinch and starve ourselves thus, while within five minutes' walk from the prison-gate stood enough timber to build a great city.

The stump Andrews and I had the foresight to secure now did us excellent service. It was pitch-pine, very fat with resin, and a little piece split off each day added much to our fires and our comfort.

One morning, upon examining the pockets of an infantryman of my hundred who had just died, I had the wonderful luck to find a silver quarter. I hurried off to tell Andrews of our unexpected good fortune. By an effort he succeeded in calming himself to the point of receiving the news with philosophic coolness, and we went into Committee of the Whole upon the state of our stomachs, to consider how the money could be spent to the best advantage.

At the south side of the Stockade on the outside of the timbers was a sutler shop, kept by a rebel, and communicating with the prison by a hole two or three feet square, cut through the logs. The dead line was broken at this point, so as to permit prisoners to come up to the hole to trade. The articles for sale were corn meal and bread, flour and wheat bread, meat, beans, molasses, honey, sweet potatoes, etc.

I went down to the place, carefully inspected the stock, priced everything there, and studied the relative food value of each. I came back, reported my observations and conclusions to Andrews, and then staid at the tent while he went on a similar errand. The consideration of the matter was continued during the day and night, and the next morning we determined upon investing our 25 cents in sweet potatoes, as we could get nearly a half-bushel of them, which was "more fillin' at the price," to use the words of Dickens's Fat Boy, than anything else offered us.

We bought the potatoes, carried them home in our blanket, buried them in the bottom of our tent, to keep them from being stolen, and restricted ourselves to two per day until we had eaten them all.

The rebels did something more towards properly caring for the sick than at Andersonville. A hospital was established in the northwestern corner of the Stockade, and separated from the rest of the camp by a line of police, composed of our own men.

In this space several large sheds were erected of that rude architecture common to the coarser sort of buildings in the South. There was not a nail or a bolt used in their entire construction. Forked posts at the ends and sides supported poles upon which were laid the long "shakes," or split shingles, forming the roofs, and which were held in place by other poles laid upon them. The sides and ends were inclosed by similar "shakes," and altogether they formed quite a fair protection against the weather. Beds of pine leaves were provided for the sick, and some coverlets, which our Sanitary Commission had been allowed to send through. But nothing was done to bathe or cleanse them, nor indeed were any of the commonest suggestions for the improvement of the condition of the sick put into execution. Men who had laid in their mud hovels until they had become helpless and hopeless, were admitted to the hospital, usually only to die.

The diseases were different in character from those which swept off the prisoners at Andersonville. There they were mostly of the digestive organs; here of the respiratory. Unless the victim was a comrade, no one specially heeded his condition. Lung diseases and low fevers ravaged the camp, existing all the time in a more or less virulent condition, according to the changes of the weather, and occasionally raging in destructive epidemics. I am unable to speak with any degree of definiteness as to the death rate, since I had ceased to interest myself about the number dying each day.

I had now been a prisoner a year, and had become so torpid and stupefied, mentally and physically, that I cared comparatively little for anything save the rations of food and of fuel.

The difference of a few spoonfuls of meal or a large splinter of wood in the daily issues to me were of more actual importance than the increase or decrease of the death rate by a half a score or more.

At Andersonville I frequently took the trouble to count the number of dead and living, but all curiosity of this kind had now died out. Nor can I find that anybody else is in possession of much more than my own information on the subject. Inquiry at the War Department elicited the following letters:

"The prison records of Florence, S. C., have never come to light, and therefore the number of prisoners confined there could not be ascertained from the records on file in this office; nor do I think that any statement purporting to show that number has ever been made.

"In the report to Congress of March 1, 1869, it was shown from records as follows: Escaped, 58; paroled, 1; died, 2,793. Total, 2,852.

"Since date of said report there have been added to the records as follows: Died, 212; enlisted in the rebel army, 326; total, 538; making a total disposed of from there, as shown by records on file, of 3,390. This, no doubt, is a small proportion of the number actually confined there.

"The hospital register on file contains that part only of the alphabet subsequent to and including part of the letter S, but from this register it is shown that the prisoners were arranged in hundreds and thousands, and the hundred and thousand to which he belonged is recorded opposite each man's name on said register. Thus: 'John Jones, 11th thousand, 10th hundred.'

"Eleven thousand being the highest number thus recorded, it is fair to presume that no less than that number were confined there on a certain date, and that more than that number were confined there during the time it was continued as a prison."

RECAPTURE OF THE RUNAWAYS.

"Statement showing the whole number of Federals and Confederates captured, (less the number paroled on the field), the number who died while prisoners, and the percentage of deaths, 1861-1865:

FEDERALS.	
Captured	187,318
Died (as shown by prison and hospital records on file)	30,674
Percentage of deaths	16.375
CONFEDERATES.	
Captured	227,570
Died	26,774
Percentage of deaths	11.768

In the detailed statement prepared for Congress dated March 1, 1869, the whole number of deaths given as shown by Prisoner of War records was 26,328, but since that date evidence of 3,628 additional deaths has been obtained from the captured Confederate records, making a total of 29,956, as above shown.

"This is believed to be many thousands less than the actual number of Federal prisoners who died in Confederate prisons, as we have no records from those at Montgomery, Ala.; Mobile, Ala.; Millen, Ga.; Marietta, Ga.; Atlanta, Ga.; Charleston, S. C., and others. The records of Florence, S. C., and Salisbury, N. C., are very incomplete.

"It also appears from Confederate inspection reports of Confederate prisons that a large percentage of the deaths occurred in prison quarters, without the care or knowledge of the Surgeon. For the month of December, 1864, alone, the Confederate 'burial report' at Salisbury, N. C., show that out of 1,115 deaths, 223, or 20 per cent., died in prison quarters, and are not accounted for in the report of the Surgeon, and therefore not taken into consideration in the above report, as the only records of said prisons on file (with one exception) are the Hospital records."

"Calculating the percentage of deaths on this basis would give the number of deaths at 37,445, and the percentage of deaths at 20.023."

[End of the letters from the War Department.]

If we assume that the Government's records of Florence are correct, it will be apparent that one man in every three died there, since, while there might have been as high as 15,000 at one time in the prison, during the last three months of its existence, I am quite sure that the number did not exceed 7,000.

This would make the mortality much greater than at Andersonville, which it undoubtedly was, since the physical condition of the prisoners confined there had been greatly depressed by their long confinement, while the bulk of the prisoners at Andersonville were those who had been brought thither directly from the field.

I think also that all who experienced confinement in the two places are united in pronouncing Florence to be, on the whole, much the worse place and more fatal to life.

The medicines furnished the sick were quite simple in nature, and mainly composed of indigenous substances. All the remedies were quite good in their way, and would have benefited the patients had they been accompanied by proper shelter, food, and clothing.

Finding that the doctors issued red pepper and an imitation of sweet oil, made from peanuts, for certain diseases, I reported to them an imaginary comrade in my tent, whose symptons indicated those remedies, and succeeded in drawing a small quantity of each, two or three times a week.

The red pepper I used to warm up our bread and mush, and give some different taste to the cornmeal that had now become so loathsome to us. The peanut oil served to give a hint of the animal food we hungered for. It was greasy, and as we did not have any meat for three months, even this flimsy substitute was inexpressibly grateful to palate and stomach.

An agreeable remembrance is that of two small apples, about the size of walnuts, given me by a boy named Henry Clay Montague Porter, of the 16th Conn. He had relatives living in North Carolina, who sent him a small package of eatables, out of which, in the fullness of his generous heart, he gave me this share—enough to make me always remember him with kindness.

(To be continued.)

FIGHTING THE MERRIMAC.

The 1st N. Y. M'l'd Rifles Participated in the Struggle.

Editor National Tribune: I wish to tell what I remember of the Monitor-Merrimac fight. I recall distinctly the incidents.

About 2 p. m., March 7, "boots and saddles" sounded in our little command, encamped at the Chesapeake Female Seminary, overlooking Hampton Roads. The battalion of the 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles, in eager haste, at the heels of Gen. Max Weber, galloped to Newport News.

Emerging from the woods the Merrimac opened upon us, planting one of her big shells at the roots of a giant tree 50 feet ahead of us, for a moment blocking our way. We reined up in rear of some brick buildings on the bluff.

Many of the Merrimac's shells went over our heads, burying themselves in the plain in the rear. A party went to the rescue of the 99th N. Y., who were leaving the Cumberland, just sinking below the water's edge. The Merrimac had not yet left her. Soon she engaged the other vessels—the Congress near by, the Minnesota, St. Lawrence and Roanoke farther away and creeping to the shallow water nearer shore below us.

We went to the water's edge and, lying down, used our Spencer carbines against the sides of the Merrimac, especially at the portholes when opened.

If Capt. Buchanan of the Merrimac was hit by any small weapon the credit is due to Serg't John D. Lee, Troop A, 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles, an expert shot, whose eye was undimmed and aim sure that day. We attracted the Merrimac's attention and she flung some of her shells at us while pounding the Congress.

We saw the crew of the Congress leave her burning decks, and the Merrimac's boat approaching her. After some further shots the Merrimac retired behind Sewell's Point, very much to our relief.

Toward night a picket-guard was ordered out towards Yorktown to find out as to the (rumored) approach of Magruder's forces. Soon retiring, the command was ordered to camp, and the blazing frigate was an impressive sight; in the dusk of night, about 10 p. m., she exploded.

Next morning at reveille horses were saddled for any emergency, while officers and men climbed to the roofs of stables and outbuildings of the Seminary and anxiously scanned the woods fringing the Elizabeth River. Near 10 a. m. three columns of smoke floated over the woods, and the Merrimac, attended by two other vessels, proudly started for our fleet.

No swifter was the onset of the Merrimac than the approach of the Monitor. There was no display of timidity from start to finish. The bravery of the Monitor was our admiration as we watched through our glasses hardly a mile away every phase of the fight.

It was of two hours' duration, the Monitor holding her to close quarters all the time. The only lull in the Monitor's firing was when the command was transferred from the gallant Worden to Lieut. Green, and all understood the reason afterwards.

It was at this time that the Merrimac drew off toward the other shore, and when the Monitor followed her she turned her prow toward Elizabeth River and steamed away, with the Monitor's shells following her.

What of her consorts, the vessels that sailed out so proudly in the morning, with rigging gay with flags, decks crowded with ladies and gentlemen of Norfolk, and bands playing martial music, expecting to dine at old Fortress Monroe that day?

The Monitor was hardly warmed to the fray before these withdrew behind the fringe of woods, vanishing as the Merrimac did later in the day.

In those days we watched intently the Elizabeth River for the reappearance of the Merrimac, and only once do I recall seeing her, after several weeks, when, venturing out, she swooped down upon a schooner (carrying forage, I believe) that had anchored too near the rebel side of the river. The Merrimac quickly returned to the cover of the river and its batteries.

The night following the landing of Gen. John E. Wood's troops at Ocean View for the canture of Norfolk, Va., the Merrimac committed suicide as it were and sank in the bed of the Elizabeth River.—Edgar A. Hamilton, Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, 1st N. Y. M. R.